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HOUSE  
OF  
BROCKLESBY  
AND  
OTHER POEMS

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THE  
HOUSE OF BROCKLESBY,

AND  
OTHER POEMS.

DEDICATED TO THE EARL OF YARBOROUGH.

BY ROBERT FRANKLIN,

AUTHOR OF "THE MILLER'S MUSE."

HULL:

PRINTED BY SAMUEL DIBB & CO., MYTONGATE,

AND  
SOLD BY WILLIAM STEPHENSON, LOWGATE.

1844.

SAMUEL DIBE & CO.,  
PRINTERS,  
MYTONGATE, HULL.

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TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF YARBOROUGH.

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MY LORD,

THE dedication of Poems to a Nobleman, (from an humble individual like myself, without his permission or knowledge) will, I am afraid, at first sight, appear a stretch of boldness and freedom on my part that may require explanation. Disclaiming the hypocrite, and actuated by the purest motives, I trust the following remarks will, in a great measure, vindicate my conduct, if not be found a sufficient apology. Had I not heard and known something of your lordship's liberality and kindness in patronising those in humble life, as well as those of more exalted station, several of the following ideas had never been brought into existence, through the fear that they might either have been treated with contempt, or considered little better than impertinence. It having fallen to my lot to be born and brought up within a few miles of the Brocklesby Estate, and to have heard of the unbounded benevolence of a deceased father, and the pre-

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eminent excellence of a departed mother sounded in my ears from my youth up, to the present time, not only by my own relatives, but the public at large, I can, therefore, conscientiously assert I have had a mind glowing in favour of your family from my boyhood ; and, in admiration of your Lordship's taste, talents, and distinguished virtues, urged on by the promptings of genius, I at length felt a sort of bounden duty to attempt to sing in humble rhyme, the praises of the ancient House of Brocklesby. At the time of forming this resolution, well knowing the imperfections of human undertakings, and that we cannot command our talents, my particular motive was to pay a faithful tribute of respect to the memory of the dead, to give the honour and praise due to the living, gratification to your Lordship and the public at large on the perusal of it, and credit to myself as the author : and if this feeble effort should be found so fortunate as to meet the approbation of your Lordship, and the members of your family, I am in hopes it will be read by posterity when the statesman shall be at rest in his shroud, and the poet shall be mouldered in the dust.

In aid of metrical composition, Dr. Blair, in his lecture on Rhetoric, informs us the art of poetry possesses great claims to antiquity, having prevailed amongst the ancient Arabs from a very early period of time, who were in the habit of singing their verses and odes to their lovers and heroes, and that wherever they found the bard inspired, or possessed of poetic genius, as they imagined, he was held sacred by his countrymen. Ages nearer our own time having partly separated the

sister arts, music and poetry, and latter years having established music as a science of its own, this may, in some measure, have lowered poetry in the estimation of many; certain it is, a great portion of mankind do not make it their amusement, much more their study, treating it as frivolous and of no utility. On the other hand, it is a great consolation to know, wherever it has been found entitled to merit, and of a religious or good moral tendency, it has been cherished, patronised, admired, and supported by the greatest, the wisest, and the most virtuous in all ages.

I have been partly indebted to Mr. Hesleden, of Barrow, for the historical account of the chivalric Pelhams, and the irreproachable House of Anderson.

On visiting Brocklesby, and viewing the relics of antiquity, the monuments of art, and the charms of nature, I experienced great delight, and have here attempted to group or unite together a few of what I conceive the most prominent poetical beauties, which, I trust, will be familiar to your Lordship's notice, leaving a thousand behind worthy of more minute observation.

In the description of various objects, I encourage a hope I have taken nature for my guide, and confide in the certainty, truth for my basis, and not advanced a single particle of praise the honourable House of Brocklesby is not fairly entitled to.

I have taken the liberty of annexing "Lines on Visiting Thornton Abbey," as a suitable appendage or accompaniment to the House of Brocklesby. This monument of antiquity having come under your Lordship's protection, is now likely to remain for a long period one of the most interesting ruins in Lincolnshire.

The poetical memoir of the deceased George Uppleby, Esq., Barrow village, may revive recollections that I am almost sure will not be unwelcome as a neighbour, and known to your Lordship in early life. His respectability as a country gentleman—his hospitality to the poor—his suavity of manners—just discrimination, kindness, and forbearance as a magistrate, ought to be recorded; and his discernment, and friendly advice given to the Ferry Captain regarding his oath, thereby preventing the misery of two human beings who would either have been banished or met an ignominious death, and living years afterwards to proclaim their innocence, was a trait in his character worthy of being handed down to posterity. His memory continues to be gratefully cherished to this day, by the principal inhabitants of Barrow who had the happiness of his acquaintance, verifying the sentence in Sacred Writ—"Blessed is the peacemaker."

Trusting nothing will be found offensive or displeasing in the remaining effusions here submitted to notice, this small volume of Poems is most respectfully dedicated to your Lordship, without permission; and, if in this instance, my assurance

shall be found to have overstepped my ability, I humbly implore forgiveness, indulging the hope I may not be thought unworthy of credit for good intentions.

That your Lordship may long live to possess the best of health, to enjoy the many blessings showered upon you by Divine Providence in this life, and final happiness hereafter, is the wish of

Your very obedient humble servant,

**ROBERT FRANKLIN.**

Barton-upon-Humber, Lincolnshire,  
February 20th, 1844.

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## THE HOUSE OF BROCKLESBY.

IN Park, at BROCKLESBY, in lovely May,  
When leaves and flowers their earliest charms display,  
Skirted with blooming furze in nature's pride,  
Where the sleek fox in safety loves to hide,  
Where many a nestling tries the new fledg'd wing,—  
The calm retreat of many a living thing.

IN Park, at BROCKLESBY, in glorious June,  
Ere yet melodious birds had lost their tune;  
Beyond the Lodge, where faithful Dodds is seen,  
With gun in hand, array'd in Lincoln-green;  
Where timid hares less fearful cross your way,  
And many a warbler hails the opening day;  
Where the bright pheasant gaily stalks along,  
And Philomel salutes the year with song.

Who hath not witness'd, in his wanderings here,  
Those interesting herds of beauteous deer?  
Those somewhat shy attendants on the lawn,  
The brindled doe—or more delightful fawn,  
Of almost infant innocence possess,  
Or antler, monarch, tow'ring o'er the rest;

The noble stag as here beheld of late,  
 With horns high rais'd in dignity and state—  
 For never king more lordly wore his crown,  
 Or more reluctant laid his honours down—  
 A splendid creature, and, when unconfin'd,  
 In speed, how near the fleetness of the wind !  
 When foes pursue him, from his thralldom freed,  
 The hunter's victims all are poor indeed.  
 In lonely pride he loves the woodland glade ;  
 And reigns in beauty in the rural shade.  
 Worthy the spacious Park—the rich man's wall,—  
 Worthy baronial feast in ancient Hall.

The *Ancient Hall* ! the pride of other days,  
 Demands our admiration and our praise :  
 An highly honour'd, generous, virtuous race,  
 For centuries past have occupied the place.  
 To let our earliest records here be sung,  
 And show from whence this honour'd House hath sprung ;  
 To here attempt their worthy names in rhyme,—  
 WALTER DE PELHAM, in first *Edward's* time,  
 Preceeds a WILLIAM noted in his turn,  
 Followed by THOMAS and the great Sir JOHN,  
 Honour'd with title by great John of Gaunt,  
 On his great merits we might long descant,  
 Whose gallant prowess and exalted fame,  
 Gave the first PELHAMS their distinguish'd name.

At thoughts of him the valorous bosom warms ;  
 From belt and buckle blazon'd on his arms,  
 Reward of courage for his bold advance,  
 On seizing prisoner *King John of France* ;  
 In high repute for great achievements past,  
 A warrior, bold as brave, he breath'd his last.  
 Follow'd by Son right worthy of his sire,  
 His blood in every vein—his breast of fire,  
 Sir JOHN the second, no less famous found,  
 Knighted when *Henry Fourth* King was crown'd;  
 And was, indeed, a truly worthy knight,  
 As well beloved in council as in fight,  
 And proved himself the very first to bring  
 A ransom forth for Scotia's captive King;  
 Esteem'd by royalty, a shining star,  
 For great exploits and all the arts of war;  
 In three kings reigns he held his high renown,  
 And crown'd with honours to the dust went down.

From whom the first Sir WILLIAM PELHAM rose,  
 An hero too—the dread of foreign foes ;  
*Laughton*, in *Sussex*, for his birth's renown'd ;  
*Henry* the Eighth in France with title crown'd  
 Sire of Sir WILLIAM, second in the line,  
 Whose fame most noble BROCKLESBY was thine.  
 His worth, and sterling qualities of mind,  
 Preserv'd the name his sires had left behind ;

*Havre-de-Grace*, and foes at siege of *Leith*,  
 Beheld his active sword releas'd from sheath:  
 In *Ireland*, too, he ran a bright career—  
 Here chose chief justice, or lord justicier;  
 Field Marshal next, he sought the embattled plain,  
 With Earl of LEICESTER o'er the dang'rous main;  
 He lived as soldiers live—the bold and brave,  
 And died in foreign land beyond the wave.\*  
 His life was spent in many a martial scene;  
 He nobly served, till death, his gracious Queen. †  
 From whom sprang third Sir WILLIAM, not the last—  
 Oh! hold him equal to the warriors past.  
 Though train'd in early youth to use of arms;  
 As warrior, too, oft shar'd its dire alarms;  
 Yet, deem'd the greatest scholar of his age,  
 The friend of literature adorns our page;  
 Well versed in books—although a soldier true.  
 He doubtless read the charming muses too:  
 And where a kindly taste for these are given,  
 Few live and die without the fear of Heaven.  
 Oft shall the studious, sentimental mind,  
 To friends and relatives prove truly kind;  
 And such Sir WILLIAM, this was one bright part—  
 He held a generous and a feeling heart;  
 Beloved at home, and saved from foes afar,  
 Beyond the raging main, in feats of war;

\* Flushing, Holland.

† Elizabeth.

'Twas here he lived, with blooming offspring round—  
 'Twas here with peace his latest days were crown'd ;  
 Sharing the common lot, the general doom,  
 Thy church, Oh ! BROCKLESBY, became his tomb,  
 Where hangs a sentence penn'd with pious care,  
 “ Pray and be humble,”—sacred motto there.

He had a nephew—one no doubt betray'd, <sup>1</sup>  
 Malignant tongues have term'd the renegade,—  
 He had a nephew—deem it not unkind,  
 Who might unnoticed have remain'd behind ;  
 Yet if one speck, or one historic stain,  
 On this most honourable House remain ;  
 If one hath err'd though distant in the line,  
 Who great good ANDERSON was none of thine—  
 For him we mourn, in hopes his better mind  
 Would fain have left his worst of foes behind ;  
 Happy we live more free from blood and scars,  
 Those sad attendants on the civil wars.

None holding the estate in this affair,  
 Appear to have partook the slightest share,  
 Though last Sir WILLIAM liv'd in evil times,  
 When earth was stain'd with blood and fill'd with crimes ;  
 He, firm to throne and country's ancient laws,  
 Rais'd foot and horse to serve the royal cause.  
 Much we deplore the last Sir WILLIAM's fate,  
 Although our sympathy arrives so late ;

Oft have we mourn'd to mark the grief he bore,  
 After the gory fight on Marston Moor:  
 True to his injured King in every part,  
 Yet died, alas, himself of broken heart,  
 A victim to those treacherous times, and when  
 The worst of passions sway'd the minds of men.  
 In thee, fair *Kendal*, his remains were laid.  
 Oh! honour still the fallen soldier's shade,  
 Whose troubles almost seemed to form a chain—  
 His first son died, the third in battle slain—  
 That when Sir WILLIAM left this world of care,  
 EDWARD his second son became his heir.  
 Thus far our pedigree is fairly told,  
 Of heroes, statesmen, and of warriors bold,  
 And now with joy our cheerful notes we raise  
 To sing of brighter and much happier days;  
 And mark the pleasing change amongst mankind,  
 That left a *Cromwell* and his crimes behind.

And note a train of worthy sons and sires,  
 An highly honour'd list of country squires—  
 Men who, from fear, were not compell'd to roam,  
 But lived in love and died in peace at home.  
 At length, as EDWARD without issue died,  
 First CHARLES came next, fourth brother close allied,  
 Whose days were free from anarchy and strife,  
 Who liv'd at ease a calm and peaceful life,

Amidst his children fair, a numerous race,  
 Till death ; when second CHARLES supplied his place,  
 On whose fair name with great delight we dwell,  
 Because more near our times and known so well.  
 High on the Turf he stood, in honour bound,  
 And famed for rural sports the country round.  
 Last of the PELHAMS, ere we change the line,  
 Much merit and great praise, good CHARLES, were thine ;  
 Kind to the poor, he had the power and will—  
 “ He lives like *Pelham*,” is proverbial still :  
 He rais’d the hoofs, ne’er beaten in the race,  
 The famous Fox-hound vig’rous in the chase,  
 No draggling cur, to suit an aged hack,  
 Holding best horse and boldest rider back,  
 But what would dash through thicket, mire, and clay,  
 With strength sufficient for the longest day ;  
 He liv’d to good old age, a lengthen’d span,  
 Beyond the somewhat common term of man ;  
 In choice, to bear his name was no disgrace—  
 No mean descendant occupied his place ;  
 A chosen nephew, although very young,  
 Had from an honourable lineage sprung :  
 Sir EDMUND ANDERSON, a glorious name,  
 Stood high in station and judicial fame ;  
 As judge, the paths of rectitude he trod,  
 He dealt in mercy as he feared his God—  
 Not one afraid to check the human race,  
 When false and evil tongues usurp’d the place ;

Blest with sound judgment, ready to decide,  
 He stood a champion bold on mercy's side ;  
 Crown'd with long life, his work most nobly done,  
 His spotless fame descended to his son—  
 Sir FRANCIS ANDERSON, good knight was 'seen,  
 From fam'd *Elizabeth* his maiden Queen.  
 The next, was STEPHEN, in his father's right,  
 A worthy scion too, although no knight.  
 From him sprang forth a fair extensive race,  
 All well belov'd and honoured in their place ;  
 Follow'd by second FRANCIS in the line ;  
 From whom third FRANCIS rose in life to shine,  
 Possesing great and highly honour'd name,  
 Although no warrior, from the field of fame ;  
 With House of PELHAM he became allied,  
 From thence received his fair and lovely bride,  
 Whose marriage bed was blest with daughters fair,  
 Whose nuptial bliss was crown'd with son and heir—  
 FRANCIS the fourth, hail ! the parent tree,  
 The stars of BROCKLESBY arose from thee.

Forgive, whilst from the lineal line we stray,  
 To name a branch or two beside the way,  
 As o'er the historic page we calmly turn—  
 Broughton, alas ! records in death Sir JOHN.  
 Descending downwards to the present age,  
 Sir CHARLES lives worthy of poetic page.<sup>2</sup>

Long may he live, and blest when life shall cease,  
 Esteemed for justice, piety, and peace !

Well pleased, our scattered thoughts we now combine  
 To note the worth of next distinguished line;  
 The setting sun salutes each western wall,  
 And sheds his latest beams on *Manby Hall*,\*  
 With noble WORSLEY's name at present crown'd,  
 From his great charity diffused around ;  
 And Manby woods and rides a tribute raise,  
 That give departed ANDERSONS the praise ;  
 Without one imperfection on their name,  
 From this respected House first YARBOROUGH came.

And shall we leave unsung, to memory dear,  
 One so belov'd, so generous, so sincere ?  
 No ! let his comely name be handed down,  
 And others profit from his just renown.  
 That he was great, my country know full well ;  
 That he was good, some thousands yet will tell ;  
 Sought by the wise on whom they could depend,  
 The great FITZWILLIAM was his early friend,  
 Then Star of *Wentworth*, whom we now deplore,  
 Heart more humane can never bless the poor ;  
 'Tis said, like brothers, they were heart and hand,  
 Two worthy Nobles of my native land.

\* The seat of Lord Worsley.

No wonder, from associate so kind,  
 YARBOROUGH the first possest such lib'ral mind;  
 The ox from stall and sheep from flow'ry mead,  
 Food for the neighbouring poor were doom'd to bleed.  
 Though *Lindsey* boast her worthies not a few,  
 A better heart fair Lindsey never knew;  
 Without just cause his friendship knew no end,  
 A kind good master, and the poor man's friend;  
 The best of friends in sorrow, want, or shame,  
 The first to comfort and the last to blame;  
 Widow and orphan, and the vagrant train,  
 Were seldom known to seek his aid in vain:  
 In deeds of alms he needed no advice,  
 He held the very pearl of highest price—  
 A ready hand in every time of need;  
 Blest with the gift of *Charity* indeed,  
 And without loss of rank, with great or small—  
 In one short sentence, he was kind to all!  
 His taste refin'd to boast, he held this part,  
 Behold yon spacious gallery of art,  
 Existing proof that his superior mind,  
 Was friend to science of the highest kind.  
 In early life he lov'd—was lov'd again,  
 A cherish'd source of pleasure and of pain;  
 For whom he lov'd, alas! the lonely tomb  
 Too soon receiv'd in its unconscious womb.  
 Hail! virtuous love, since we are led to see,  
 Yon beauteous temple rear its head to thee.

How truly worthy of his plenteous store,  
 He cherished all the PELHAMS lov'd before;  
 Adhering to each wish they left behind,  
 Firm as the ivy round the oak entwin'd.  
 Oh! could those venerable heads laid low  
 Behold the scenes in fair existence now,  
 Though they might love to mark the olden view,  
 They'd bless the name of him who rais'd the new—  
 YARBOROUGH the first, and prove his life no waste,  
 From wealth dispers'd in elegance and taste;  
 Whether in spring, in walk, or morning ride,  
 Or when the woods possess their summer pride;  
 Or when fair autumn's charms are here display'd  
 Array'd in tints of almost every shade;  
 Or when the winds have left the trees in sport,  
 Like naked masts from ships in friendly port,  
 To boast no wizard haunts, no magic wand,  
 From fictitious fairy, o'er the smiling land,—  
 YARBOROUGH the first lives in the woodland scene,  
 Oh! term his name the glorious evergreen:  
 The woodman's stroke that lays his beauties low,  
 Records his honour'd name in every blow,—  
 His vernal shades that hill and dale adorn,  
 Will bless the sight of thousands yet unborn!

Thus, having sung, regretful of the past,  
 And mourn'd the worth of one who died the last,  
 The willing muse would now attempt to raise  
 Fresh themes to give the present House its praise.

Though parting time that never brooks delay,  
 And years on years have roll'd themselves away,  
 The HOUSE OF BROCKLESBY and fair domains,  
 In more than former beauty still remains;  
 What though no massy columns, stout and tall,  
 Rear high their heads to grace thy entrance hall;  
 What though no lofty towers or turrets rise,  
 Glittering with sunbeams streaming from the skies;  
 Hallow'd by death, and crown'd with length of years,  
 Neatness and grandeur in thy form appears!  
 Although we mourn, it is not ours to trace  
 Thy early founder to his resting place,  
 As hands by which thy corner stones were laid,  
 Dust of the earth, ere this, are doubtless made.  
 In thy old front 'tis great delight to see,  
 Buckingham ancient House revived in thee;  
 Yet most we love thy fair internal part,  
 Grac'd with the numerous monuments of art;  
 Those marble busts that all but life recall,  
 And forms that almost breathe upon each wall,  
 Stamping the Artist's genius most sublime,  
 Who *steals* his beauties from departing time;  
 Bright emanations of the human mind,  
 From master-hands supreme amongst mankind

And though 'tis not our privilege to pore  
 Thy thousand or ten thousand volumes o'er,  
 Or scan the merits of each golden line  
 From the fam'd dramatist to sage divine;

Yet 'tis with pleasure, looking round, we trace  
 Some works familiar in each goodly case:  
 Here that blest Book in various forms is given,  
 That points to erring man the way to heaven ;  
 Burn, Bacon, Blackstone, too, attention draw,  
 For abstract reasonings and shrewd points of law ;  
 Great Locke and Newton, and how many more,  
 Highly esteemed for philosophic lore ;  
 Bright, Hume, and Smollett, tastes somewhat combin'd  
 Men of sound judgment and great strength of mind,  
 Who told the world her virtues and her crimes,  
 Faithful historians of departed times !  
 And leaving much to guess, not less to learn,  
 The most pathetic sentimental Sterne ;  
 Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, who nobly stood,  
 Bequeathing their advice for public good,  
 And wise the man who much to each attends—  
 Books as companions are the surest friends ;  
 Congenial minds were these, and our regard  
 Will ever rest upon inspired bard  
 Who breathes a spirit in devoted lay,  
 That worlds can neither give nor take away—  
 To whom great nature's charms are kindly shown,  
 Oft without spot on earth to call his own ;  
 Such Goldsmith's fate—long lov'd, our earliest pride ;  
 Thompson, Gay, Shenstone, Pope, and Akenside,  
 Steele, Addison, and Rowe, distinguish'd here ;  
 And Johnson, too, a critic most severe ;

Delightful Moore—chaste Campbell, ne'er forgot ;  
 A noble Byron, and Sir Walter Scott.  
 These, scarce a tithe in number or in name  
 Highly deserving of poetic fame,  
 Who gave their time, their talents, and their toil,  
 The dying taper, and the midnight oil,  
 Denouncing vice in many a faithful page  
 And holding virtue up in every age—  
 Worthy, indeed, our tributary lays  
 Of admiration, gratitude, and praise !

Great BROCKLESBY ! to give thy name its due,  
 For many a shadowy walk and pleasing view—  
 Thy trees, thy sculpture, pictures, books, and flow'rs,  
 Are feasts, indeed, for man's instructive powers.  
 Here may be seen, in this delightful time,  
 A splendid rose, from almost every clime ;  
 Yet oh ! how short of true poetic grace  
 To name the splendour of the flow'ry race ;  
 Yes, vain indeed ! our best endeavour's found,  
 To paint each gem that blooms in glory round.

Fair BROCKLESBY ! to praise thy fruitful soil,  
 And name the worth of those who daily toil ;  
 Thy gardens boast an aromatic air,  
 Fill'd with the rich, the useful, and the rare ;

Here fragrant pines have long acquired their fame,  
 And here the grape deserves an honour'd name ;  
 In vig'rous leaf 'tis no less joy to see,  
 'The fig-tree flourish in no small degree.

Befitting lady's breast or warrior's brow,  
 Here the bright laurels in profusion grow ;  
 Here oak that's evergreen appears in view,  
 And famous Turkey oak in vernal hue,  
 And forest glories of the first degree,  
 Virginian cedars, and the tulip tree ;  
 And 'midst a thousand beauties that appear  
 In all the changes of the varying year,  
 Cedars of Lebanon adorn the scene,  
 For ever fragrant, and for ever green.

The wide-spread sycamore, the mournful yew  
 The ancient Briton ever lov'd to view :  
 Cressy and Agincourt, dread fields of fame,  
 Proud tree ! advanced thy glory and thy name ;  
 Though death, long since, hath laid their heroes low,  
 Of wood like thine each conqueror form'd his bow.  
 The shadowy elm, the graceful purple beech,  
 And chesnut in full flower, are beauties each ;  
 The larch, the silver fir, and Weymouth pine,  
 Delightful BROCKLESBY ! all these are thine ;  
 And British oak, supreme amongst the rest,  
 The oldest, boldest, bravest, and the best,

Preferr'd by man when he embarks his life  
 To combat war or conquer ocean's strife ;  
 Unlike frail mortal's short uncertain stay,  
 A thousand springs may yet behold thee gay ;  
 King of the oaks art thou in power and might,  
 May future heirs long mark thee with delight ;  
 He stands triumphant on the eastern lawn,  
 Grac'd with the first bright beams of glorious morn,  
 Each big-broad branch in deep dark green array'd ;  
 Those out-stretch'd arms that form a friendly shade,  
 In the full tide of majesty appears,  
 A patriarch, indeed, from length of years.  
 Huge chronicle of time ! stupendous tree !  
 What is the emmet race of man to thee ?  
 What can he boast of ? all his lengthen'd line,  
 United ages, scarce would equal thine !  
 Death, wars, and hurricanes have swept the earth,  
 Since a small acorn first produced thy birth.

Oh ! music, key to memory's boundless store  
 Of present joys and pleasures, we deplore ;  
 Presum'd to form in heaven a glorious part,  
 Most potent spell, enchantress of the heart,  
 Our love to thee those by-gone days recall,  
 When the blind harper sought the ancient Hall  
 With thrilling tones, that grac'd the trembling wire,  
 Whene'er he touched his fascinating lyre.

Departed BROMLEY shall no more command ;  
 His harp's unstrung, or owns a stranger's hand,  
 Those tones beloved his happy spirit gave,  
 For ever slumber in the silent grave,  
 The friend of science and of sounds refin'd,  
 That calm the passions and exalts the mind.

'To speak of *one* in highest circle seen,  
 A late attendant on our youthful Queen ;  
 Good *Lady* CHARLOTTE shall we pause from fear,\*  
 To kindly wish a lady's presence here ?  
 No ! 'tis our duty now to give you place,  
 The only daughter of this noble race—  
 Daughter of one whose love, whose hopes, and fears,  
 As mem'ry glances through the mist of years,  
 Beholds long buried in the mournful gloom  
 Of lost affection, in a mother's tomb.  
 Most cheering thought, a father still remains,  
 The rightful owner of those rich domains ;  
 Though born in town amidst the crowded throng,†  
 Near the fam'd city long renown'd in song,  
 Here past in part the interesting time,  
 Of pleasing childhood and your maiden's prime ;  
 'Twas here the lovely firmament above,  
 Sun, Moon, and Stars, at first received your love ;

\* Lady Charlotte Copley,

† Stratford Place, London.

Here nature blest your sight and charm'd your ear  
With all the beauties of the changing year.

Old favourite trees, and long remember'd flowers,

May still delight you in those friendly bowers ;

And aptly here peruse the pleasing page

Of happy moralist or holy sage,

And numerous objects well reward your toil—

Oh ! deign to visit still paternal soil.

'Tis yours to here perform a pleasing part,

Whose presence ever glads a parent's heart ;

May health and joy, attendants in your train,

Oft bless you in those charming haunts again !

The gay parterre, still blooming fresh and fair,

Invites your gentle hand and fost'ring care,

And music waits, a most attractive call, .

To bid you welcome to a father's Hall—

Delightful chords that wake the lightsome strain,

And sweetly solemn sounds of Jubal Cain.

Illustrious female ! in this honour'd line,

Accept our motives from the best design—

Most gen'rous lady ! whom we kindly greet,

Happy to name your worth in praises meet ;

Placing our humble poem in your view,

Yet deem our feeble lay scarce half your due.

To notice worthy objects our desire,

And few more welcome than the village spire ;

'Tis here ! the ancient church adorns the way,  
 And house of God requires a serious lay—  
 'Tis mercy's seat, where man may hope to save  
 His Maker's love in worlds beyond the grave ;  
 Long since made holy by true sighs and tears,  
 Soon shall your records boast a thousand years.  
 Great and good men these hallow'd paths have trod,  
 Who lov'd their fellow-man and serv'd their God ;  
 Those rough-hewn stones that form thy mould'ring tower,  
 Contrast themselves with time's improving power ;  
 Thy solemn porch, with mantling ivy crown'd,  
 And five lone yews in mournful beauty round,  
 Dimming the glare of day for feeble sight,  
 Throw round a somewhat more religious light.  
 Tomb of the PELHAMS, long departed race !  
 All tend to greatly solemnize the place.  
 How still around ! no living forms are seen ;  
 'Tis now a truly quiet churchyard green.  
 When Sabbath reigns, far different scenes appear,  
 When sacred bell invites to worship here ;  
 The fairest earthly scene, allied to Heaven,  
 Pervades this glorious day—one day in seven,  
 When man throws off the bonds of worldly care,  
 And humbly seeks the peaceful house of prayer.

Descriptive muse ! to make thy pathway clear,  
 Compell'd too soon to quit thy wand'rings here,

With many a pleasing object still in view,  
 Let honour'd House thy lengthen'd strains renew ;  
 Whose oak-bound staircase, and sound oaken floors,  
 High spacious rooms, and huge substantial doors,  
 Are proof that once solidity of frame  
 Was one bold step to architectural fame.

The Servants' Hall holds one in service grey,  
 Who aids the man of business on his way ;  
 Where nature's relics on the walls are shown,  
 Adorn'd with woodland honours all thine own—  
 The stag's bold front, and once the plaintive dove,  
 That grac'd the park in beauty, peace, and love—  
 Retreat of those most useful in their sphere,  
 Noted for fine old ale, and best of cheer ! \*  
 Ah ! see the bright old can, with copper face,  
 Long time a resident within the place ;  
 And mark, with silver tipp'd, the famous horn,  
 That lips have prest when infant heirs were born—  
 In friendly horn, so long the table's pride,  
 May true domestics, rang'd on either side,  
 Drink from the heart in glad assembly there,  
 YARBOROUGH the *second, and his worthy heir !* \*

Lindsey ! renown'd for feast and merry tale,  
 Long fam'd for wholesome cheer and home-brew'd ale ;

\* Lord Worsley.

The HOUSE OF BROCKLESBY, amongst the rest,  
 Hath brew'd the strongest and the very best—  
 Some of peculiar strength, preserved with care,  
 Is ever kept to toast the future heir.  
 Tho' favour'd visitant might here explore,  
 In spacious vaults below, a plenteous store  
 Of choicest wines—old, cold, and prime,  
 From the best vintage in each southern clime ;  
 Yet, spite of sparkling hock and bright champaign,  
 Here's great provision for the humble train.  
 Here, nicely shaded from the sun's bright ray,  
 In prison's darkness hid from glorious day,  
 March and October lies in cool retreat,  
 Wisely protected from the summer's heat—  
 A beverage cherished from a distant time,  
 Warm, and well-suited to our northern clime.

The sons of toil proclaim good ale the best,  
 Nor envy costly wines for nobler guest.  
 Though some denounce, most insolently bold,  
 What our good ancient fathers lov'd of old,  
 'Twill prove, though some may brand the cup with shame,  
 The happiest candidate for village fame.  
 Far be the thought, that drunkenness profane  
 Within your noble House should ever reign ;  
 Not doubting but the hearts that round you dwell,  
 Are really those who strive to serve you well ;

And blest the servant that shall here abide,  
 A friendly monitor, a faithful guide,  
 To well perform and not o'er act his part,  
 Who holds a master's honour'd name at heart ;  
 For, labour done, oh ! may he never fail  
 To glad the poor man's breast with home-brew'd ale,  
 For whilst the spirit cheers his drooping frame,  
 He'll wish the greatest blessings on your name—  
 In after-times repeat the kindness o'er,  
 And tell how fam'd your House in days of yore.

All parts are interesting from the past,  
 And dining-room is neither least nor last ;  
 Though life's fair pleasures may be marr'd with pain,  
 Here joys have been, and joys will come again.  
 When Christmas reigns, with his accustomed grace,  
 When radiant fires illume his merry face,  
 Full oft in mantle wrapt of driven snow,  
 With wreaths of ever-green around his brow,  
 Whose fairest form and greatest charms appear  
 On the first entrance of the infant year ;  
 As this delightful season comprehends  
 The happy greeting of illustrious friends,  
 Much it might gratify the eye, at least,  
 To here behold the true baronial feast,  
 When martial strains of music first begin,  
 By which the noble guests are ushered in,

'Midst numerous servants in gay liveries clad,  
 With cheerful faces, and their hearts as glad.  
 When garnish'd boar's head grins in green array,  
 An ancient symbol of the gala day ;  
 When loins of noble ox, from weight alone,  
 Tries the stout arm and bids the table groan ;  
 Where smokes the very best of boil'd and roast,  
 Plum-pudding and prime beef, Old England's boast ;  
 And near huge pie with dainty meats well stored,  
 Transparent jellies tremble on the board ;  
 Where plate and golden cups, preserv'd with care,  
 (True sign of riches) shed their splendour there.  
 Let this suffice ! 'twere vain to name the rest,  
 Where all that's good awaits each welcome guest,  
 Whilst noble YARBOROUGH in good health is found  
 To bid the toast and mantling bliss go round.

As merry Christmas kindly smiles on all,  
 'Tis pleasing here to mark the servants' ball ;  
 No favour'd guest need wish for happier doom  
 Than introduction to the Steward's room ;  
 Chiefs in the service occupy the place—  
 A much-respected, confidential race,  
 Who to the wish and wants of each attends,  
 On whom the business of the House depends ;  
 And whilst the tables here are richly crown'd,  
 And plenty greets the cheerful guests around,

To honour'd House true fealty never fails,  
And social joy and harmony prevails.

In Servants' Hall, midst all in the employ,  
The feast prevails, and here no less the joy,  
Where punch and frothing horn sent up and down,  
Gives impulse to the mind, to some unknown ;  
Where num'rous toasts are giv'n from hearts sincere,  
Members of family remember'd here—  
*Earl YARBOROUGH* first, and heirs, the great and small,  
Health and long life is warmly drank to all !  
The walls in gay festoons of beauteous green,  
And sounds of music quickly shift the scene,  
When various forms, from love or friendship known,  
In the delightful dance range up and down.  
The old remember, too, in times like this,  
The joy so oft receiv'd from stolen kiss,  
When youthful hearts were light and bosoms warm,  
When mistletoe was held the central charm ;  
E'en for the good old floor respect we feel,  
So oft a respite to the dancers' heel ;  
And though some may despise the joys we name,  
The ancient pastimes here are still the same,  
And the wide hall re-echoes loud and long,  
To Christmas gambols or the woodman's song.  
Such is a part of England's merry times,  
When men delighted heard the Christmas chimes,

By our forefathers form'd, the good and kind,  
 We would not have their customs left behind,  
 When rich scarce hop'd a blessing on their store  
 Without their kind remembrance of the poor.  
 Sweet Christmas bells ring out the olden year,  
 And Christmas worship is the most sincere ;  
 When greater love and gratitude are shown  
 To Him who kindly sent salvation down.  
 Christmas ! esteem'd, belov'd, on land and sea,  
 With joy our bosoms warmly turn to thee ;  
 Long shall thy ling'ring charms be felt and known  
 In village cot, in hamlet, and in town !  
 Long shall the ball in lighted hall display  
 Thy cheerful joys, to lord and lady gay ;  
 For though our state is changed for good or ill,  
 Delightful Christmas ! most will love thee still.

Enjoying now the mild and balmy air,  
 Pleas'd to behold each object new and rare—  
 Next we must note those truly sprightly steeds  
 That grace each stall, or bask on verdant meads ;  
 A little time will mark them, bright and gay,  
 O'er hedge and ditch pursue their vent'rous way.

When autumn's fogs and wint'ry glooms appear,  
 Those sure attendants on declining year,  
 Beneath the morning stars, at earliest dawn,  
 The hunter-train salutes the opening morn ;

When woods re-echo back the welcome sound  
 Of beating hoofs, and cheerful voices round,  
 Happy to share at the appointed place,  
 The joys, the toils, and perils of the chase,  
 Where horses, hounds, and huntsmen blythe and bland,  
 Join the high order of my native land.

Praiseworthy SMITH, possess'd of judgment sound\*  
 In well-bred hunter and sagacious hound ;  
 Wiles of the fox, and every shift he tries,  
 When close pursued, ere yet the felon dies,  
 The tones and signs of Reynard's direst foe,  
 That forms thy faithful, cheerful, tally-ho !  
 Ere yet the skulking villain sweeps the lawn,  
 Proclaim'd in break away from sprightly horn.  
 Fear'd, lov'd, and honour'd by thy jovial pack ;  
 Alike to thee well known each devious track ;  
 The frightful precipice, with frowning brow,  
 And yawning pit the jaws of death below ;  
 Each treach'rous bog hath met thy searching ken,  
 Where the big rushes fatten in the fen,  
 And tow'ring hill, and long-descending vale,  
 'Midst rain and hail that arm the piercing gale ;  
 Chief in the chase, o'er drains and fallows wide  
 No fearful rider, and a faithful guide !

\* William Smith, huntsman.

'Tis said thy recipe hath cleans'd the breath,  
 Where hydrophobia had been certain death—  
 Most happy found, to shield afflicted mind  
 From the worst malady amongst mankind,  
 Assur'd those virtues are the very best  
 That tend to aid and succour the distress.  
 Son of a worthy father in the past,  
 May health and peace attend thee to the last !  
 Yet prompted here by gratitude to state,  
 As hands and eyes on worthy master wait,  
 The praise of olden sportsmen, every line,  
 He humbly terms, most noble YARBOROUGH, thine.  
 Disclaiming sordid interest in our choice,  
 We add a friendly wish from heart and voice—  
 May YARBOROUGH's camp, for chivalry and chase,  
 Live in our song a long remembered place !

A noble dairy, hid amongst the trees,  
 Shaded from sun yet open to the breeze,  
 Where the rich milk from flowing fountains stream,  
 Famous for butter, curds, and clotted cream,  
 Whose windows fair will stand the test of years,  
 In which the second YARBOROUGH's taste appears:

To name the equipage of every sort,  
 For use, for ease, for comfort, ball, or court ;

A part is here—the rest is better known  
 Near the old Mansion in the busy town.\*  
 On famous gun-room, too, the muse might dwell,  
 From which, at length, we take a kind farewell.

Seat of the brave, the good, the wise, the gay !  
 Full forty years have slowly pass'd away  
 Since first, a boy, thou blest my wand'ring sight ;  
 Here mark'd thy many windows with delight ;  
 Unus'd to little more than cottage wall,  
 'Twas joy, *indeed*, to view the ancient Hall ;—  
 If memory errs not thou wert much the same ;  
 My country still preserves thy olden fame.  
 May heav'n protect thee in thy present form,  
 From foes, from fire, and elemental storm,  
 And crown our benedictions on the place—  
 The HOUSE OF BROCKLESBY and noble race !

Beneath the mid-day's sun, the noontide ray,  
 Through beauteous park now let us wend our way ;  
 The spreading hawthorns late in bloom array'd,  
 By nature formed for shelter and for shade,  
 And nobler use than these that's here combin'd,  
 Suggests itself to the reflective mind.  
 A few short months, and lo ! 'midst frost and snow,  
 The ruddy haw will grace the leafless bough ;

\* Town House, Arlington-Street

All things possess their great Creator's care—  
 Then these how welcome to the fowls of air  
 To mark some distant views that here prevail  
 Embow'd in shade within the southern vale—  
 See, Church of Kirmington, and spire above,  
 That kindly points to Heaven in christian love !

West of the park appears, on neighbouring hill,  
 The long-remembered antiquated mill,  
 With canvas furl'd, and naked sails transverst,  
 In happy semblance of the Sabbath's rest.  
 To dwell on passing time—that still expires—  
 In ages past, behold our worthy sires,  
 Ere yet their minds had form'd the stately tow'r,  
 Brought forth their forest oaks in might and pow'r,  
 That loudly laugh'd man's feeble power to scorn,  
 When thus the mill arose to grind his corn—  
 No weak invention, altho' rude in form !  
 To bear the wrath of each relentless storm,  
 Long may the old post mill adorn the view !  
 Antiquity hath never graced the new.

More to the right is seen what most admire—  
 Above the trees, fair Ulceby's ancient spire ;  
 A pleasing object, and for ever will,  
 Reminding us of *Harrow-on-the-Hill*.

Now woods assume their universal green,  
 The lighter shades of spring no longer seen ;  
 The full-grown branch of vernal leaf display'd,  
 Precludes the sun, and forms the cooling shade.  
 Near those fair scenes, releas'd from smoke and din,  
 You'll meet the welcome of a rural inn.\*  
 Come forth, my friends, who love your walks abroad,<sup>3</sup>  
 Fair nature greets you on a charming road ;  
 The wild rose blooms in hedge-rows as you stray,  
 And odorous hay-fields sweetly scent the way ;  
 The zephyr moves the gently waving corn,  
 And truly glorious is the opening morn !  
 The sheep-walk, and the bean-fields fill'd with flowers,  
 And summer wreaths for you her fairest bowers ;  
 And where great nature's charms to sight are given,  
 'Tis then the rising soul ascends to Heaven—  
 Led to adore the Power existing there,  
 That form'd this earth so beautiful and fair !  
 Here grove on grove in youthful beauty rise,  
 That strikes the stranger with no small surprise ;  
 Rich lawns and vistas opening on the view,  
 For ever changing, and for ever new ;  
 Circuitous routes, extending far and wide,  
 Demanding honest *Leighton* for a guide.†  
  
 As forester, 'tis thou the best canst tell  
 Where all the greatest sylvan glories dwell ;

\* Limber Inn.

† Charles Leighton, forester.

Their earliest signs and symptoms of decay,  
 And those in vig'rous health, bright, green, and gay :  
 Where the rank ivy, with its shining face,  
 Kill'd a stout lover in the fond embrace ;  
 And where the storm in greatest fury broke,  
 That rent the elm, and scath'd the mighty oak ;  
 And where the mistletoe, on numerous boughs,  
 And various trees in most perfection grows.  
 'Tis thine to mark the earliest birds that sing—  
 First leaves and flowers, and all the joys of spring ;  
 Thick shady bowers beneath the summer skies,  
 And autumn with her thousand or ten thousand dies !  
 The chattering squirrel and the screaming jay,  
 And lonely red-breast hail thee on thy way,  
 O'er leaf-strewn walks, where lifeless foliage lies,  
 Emblem of man ! whose strength and beauty dies ;  
 And list the woods, when storms or tempests roar,  
 Like rolling billows on the sea-beat shore.

Oft left to point out many a shadowy dell  
 In which the sons of toil are doom'd to dwell,  
 Where all is still, save when from silence woke  
 Loud echo tells the woodman's fatal stroke.  
 In wide-spread woods full oft compell'd to roam,  
 In deep green shades we find thy peaceful home ;  
 And near thy friendly domicile is seen  
 The greatest forest beauties ever green.

And weeping ash is no less pleasing found ;  
 So near a form of drooping anguish round,  
 The daring muse will task her foes to find,  
 A more engaging mourner of the kind !  
 To pay the objects here their praises due,  
 As the bright seasons pass in kind review,  
 Man of the woods forgive, if thoughts incline,  
 To almost sin to covet life like thine !

Taking the left-hand walk, a rising way,  
 Saluted here from many a vernal spray,  
 Ye feather'd minstrels of the shadowy grove,  
 Free as the mountain air delighted rove.  
 Sing on your thousand notes, distinct and clear,  
 Here's none to violate your warblings here.  
 The owl may fly these shades for ruin'd tow'r,  
 And sullen hoot throughout the midnight hour ;  
 Yet there is one to love and friendship dear—  
 The dove is found a faithful mourner here.  
 Hail, wond'rous bird ! that sail'd through trackless air,  
 And prov'd from olive branch the mountains bare :  
 Hail, sacred bird ! from righteous Noah's release  
 The blissful harbinger of joy and peace !

Crowning the rich elysian scenes around,  
 The mausoleum stands on classic ground ;  
 Who rests in earth beneath we cannot know,  
 But doubtless many a Roman sleeps below.

In *Leighton's*\* hands the bright worn key appears,  
 A faithful servant here for length of years.  
 There is a sanctity, an holy dread,  
 Whene'er our feet approach the silent dead.  
 In this fair place what serious thoughts abound—  
 Be grave, my soul, for this is hallow'd ground!  
 In such a place t'would be no crime to bow,  
 The Heaven's above, the silent dead below;  
 Yes! the respected, once the truly wise—  
 There the great founder and his consort lies!  
 Whose beauteous monument will doubtless stand  
 Long as the church shall grace my native land;  
 In hopes mankind will never live to trace  
 One sacreligious hand defile the place.

Delightful statue! still unchang'd by years,  
 In which the choicest workmanship appears.  
 O NOLLEKIN! to view thy pleasing art,  
 How shall the poet here perform his part?  
 To reach thy well touch'd chisel's matchless skill,  
 May praise that's justly due direct his quill.

Yes! beauteous marble, though 'tis good to trace  
 The outward form and lineaments of face,

\* Joseph Leighton, who shews the Mausoleum.

And well turn'd arm on fav'rite oak reclin'd,  
 These cannot tell the beauties of the mind,  
 Or form a shadow of those virtues rare  
 That blest O'Frere's only daughter fair.  
 'Tis true she died, and yet her goodly name  
 Is fresh on mem'ry as the lists of fame ;  
 In her kind bounty, from the best design,  
 She blest the poor with clothing, warmth, and wine.  
 How great her worth amidst the grief profound,  
 Her death proclaim'd to all the country round.  
 A sorrowing husband and her children dear  
 She left to weep around a mournful bier ;  
 Some far too young to note her latest prayer,  
 Or kindly thank her for a mother's care.

In early life, with num'rous offspring blest,  
 From youngest born she failing strength express't ;  
 The thoughts of death assail'd her spirit meek,  
 An hectic flush sat mournful on her cheek,  
 Yet as she liv'd, the Christian and the friend,  
 Calm resignation was her glorious end !  
 Charm'd with the joys religious acts inspire,  
 She lov'd the Sabbath and the village spire,  
 Yet only liv'd in pious thoughts sincere  
 To mark three springs beyond her thirtieth year ;  
 Of happy temper and of taste refin'd,  
 To bless her husband every wish inclin'd,

And, lasting proof of his unceasing flame,  
 He stamped this goodly fabric with her name.  
 Now trust, releas'd from ev'ry earthly pain,  
 Their souls are blest where happy spirits reign !  
 Kindly permitted here to gaze awhile  
 On views from top of this transcendent pile—  
 Ye vernal scenes array'd in living green,  
 Far, very far, beyond fair *Limber* seen ;  
 Delightful groves in rising beauty still  
 That cross the vale and crown the distant hill ;  
 To wish that added charms might still appear,  
 O, *Newsham* ! would thy flowing springs were here,  
 Amid those barrier woods on rising ground,  
 To shed their pure refreshing streams around.  
 Vain wish indeed—why seek affected pride,  
 Here nature cannot fail, though art's deni'd !

*Newsham*, for thee to touch the lyre again,  
 Peace to thy beauties where they now remain ;  
 Thy limpid waters suit the living swell  
 Where fish and wild fowl in abundance dwell, .  
 Where one supreme amongst the feather'd throng,  
 The stately swan, majestic rows along ;  
 Where ancient meads and monarch oaks abide,  
 Crown'd with a thousand years, their owner's pride !  
 Long may the yacht, for second *YARBOROUGH*'s sake,  
 Float on the bosom of thy peaceful lake ;

And yon fair bridge, possess'd of beauteous frame,  
Record his taste, his genius, and his name!

Lo! where yon stately rows of trees are seen,  
With one green broad savannah stretch'd between,  
O'er which the sun his bright effulgence throws,  
Beyond the banks where ancient Humber flows—  
A tranquil lake when calm, so mild in form;  
A mimic ocean in the raging storm.  
Most noble Earl! tis thine with joy to see,  
In woods and groves, in lawns, in flower and tree,  
A prospect fair beneath ethereal blue  
That never blest thy honour'd father's view;  
Part of thy heritage, to him unknown,  
Grac'd with his great improvement and thine own.  
Oft shall poetic fancy call to mind  
The lovely scenes she now must leave behind,  
Where contemplation may no longer dwell—  
Shades of departed worth, now fare you well!

Yet, whilst we bid the solemn dead adieu,  
A living character is still in view;  
A pleasing pedigree supports his name—  
From the best heart and honest sire he came;  
'Midst music, merry bells, and joyous mirth,  
Time of wheat harvest was our hero's birth; <sup>4</sup>  
Beneath the Sun, with yellow sheaves around,  
The cheerful reapers heard the pleasing sound,

And blest the tidings found so truly rare,  
To HOUSE OF BROCKLESBY the son and heir !

YARBOROUGH the second ! cheerful, bright, and gay,  
Of whom, in fairness, it is just to say  
The chief of Lindsey, worthy of the name—  
The first in talent, honour, wealth, and fame ;  
On whom my countrymen have fixed their choice,  
Their approbation in the public voice,  
And loudly swear from him no ties shall sever,  
But serve his noble House and heirs for ever !

Then toast, in goblet bright, the chosen pearl,  
And sound the virtues of the noble Earl,  
How many from his bounty sink to rest  
In happy homes, with every comfort blest ;  
*A hundred,\** ere they sleep, must wish him well—  
*A hundred,* when they wake, his goodness tell !  
And thousands would admire, if clearly shown,  
The thousand acts of kindness never known ;  
How truly wise, and O ! how wisely great,  
To condescend to men of low estate ;  
Who ever knew long blessings on their store,  
Who liv'd for self alone, and scorn'd the poor !

Possess'd of judgment and superior parts,  
Patron of useful and the finer arts,

\* Pensioners.

Lincoln ! thy institute, with loud acclaim,  
 Resounds great YARBOROUGH's patriotic name,  
 Who owns with joy, and marks with true delight,  
 The pale mechanics' labours brought to sight ;  
 Better prepared to live, no less to die,  
 As noble brother of the mystic tie ;  
 True to the ancient Church himself, yet known  
 To give to all opinions of their own ;  
 And holds at heart one sterling virtue more—  
 A lasting wish to educate the poor !  
 For acts like these, his name will reach renown  
 Beyond his coronet, beyond a crown—  
 Where wealth and charity united dwell,  
 Honour and titles fit their wearer well.

'Tis also just to raise great YARBOROUGH's name  
 High on the list of agricultural fame ;  
 As Chief of Lindsey, he unrivalled stands  
 For num'rous pleasant farms and spacious lands,  
 Although in senate pass'd his early years,  
 Till call'd to higher seat in House of Peers ;  
 From great experience on his own estate  
 We cannot err to term his judgment great.  
 In ox, horse, heifer, fram'd in beauty's mould,  
 And sheep that forms the most productive fold.

The change in Lindsey fifty years have shown,  
 To none than second YARBOROUGH better known,

When scarce an hedge-row for long miles was seen,  
 Alternate fallows and green fields between ;  
 Half barren wolds, and deeply sunken fen,  
 How much improved ! the manner how, and when ;  
 Now scarce can Britain in her wide domain  
 Boast nobler harvests or superior grain ;  
 'Tis now, indeed, a richly cultured soil,  
 From heads who guide the peasant in his toil.

A grateful tenantry on every side,  
 His yeomen, too, of whom he lives their pride,  
 Ready to serve him, when soe'er he calls,  
 With man and horse, sword, powder, and with balls !  
 A warlike band, in evolutions true,  
 And he their chief and their commandant too.  
 Our peaceful nobleman, averse to strife,  
 Hath led an active and an useful life,  
 And what in after years will sound the best,  
 No gory blood-drops ever stained his crest ;  
 Yet ever ready, with his heart and hand,  
 To guard from every foe his native land,  
 Not one to hack and stab, devoid of fear,  
 And mar his Maker's lovely image here ;  
 Intent to catch the fleeting breath of fame,  
 And gain, too oft, a most inglorious name !  
 Who thus destroys a fellow mortal's breath,  
 Can surely die no very easy death—

He plays, alas ! the licens'd villain's part ;  
How near a murderer in the pride of heart !

Permit the wand'ring muse, in anxious flight,  
To rest her pinions on the *Isle of Wight*.  
Fair isle ! primeval fix'd thy rocky seat,  
With prostrate ocean rolling at thy feet ;  
Rich in great nature's beauty everywhere,  
Blest with sea breezes and salubrious air.  
Hither, in early life, by fancy lead,  
Round the Wight Isle his fame hath long been spread.  
*Appuldercombe* ! where thy fair walls arise,  
And thy green park in vernal beauty lies ;  
Though love and honour followed here in turn,  
YARBOROUGH the second had his cause to mourn !

He, like a father, lost in early life,  
In Worsley's heiress good and faithful wife ;  
He, like a father, in affection true,  
As faithful lover—faithful mourner too.  
Though some may linger on life's busy stage,  
Blest with an almost patriarchal age ;  
Others, alas ! with whom 'tis joy to dwell,  
Just come to shew their love, and sigh—farewell !  
To take our moral from the vernal shade,  
The fairest flowers are oft the first to fade.  
'Twas pale consumption marr'd his consort's bloom :  
Here, too, kind mother met an early tomb ;

Yet, 'midst two sons she left, and daughter fair,  
 To HOUSE OF BROCKLESBY the rightful heir ;  
 For present honour, and for future fame,  
 The HOUSE OF BROCKLESBY is now the name  
 In which late King,\* in gracious favours shown,  
 Blended good WORSLEY's title with its own.  
 YARBOROUGH the second claims the honour due ;  
 Through him, Sir RICHARD's name will long be new.

Possessing post of honour and renown,  
 'Midst generous hearts as worthy as his own,  
 Great Commodore, o'er *Company* the best,  
 Chief guide in council over all the rest ;  
 Prond station ! by superior talents gain'd,  
 Long time supported, and as well maintain'd.  
 Fond of the ocean, in its features wild,  
 From native inclination when a child ;  
 Nor fear'd the rocks or shoals abounding there,  
 The frowning tempest, or the fierce corsair.  
 Friend of the world, he wished to look around,  
 No idler he—not easy to be found  
 On a soft couch to nurse a pamper'd limb ;  
 A book of travels can be found in him.  
 'Twas wise ; the gen'rous and the truly brave,  
 Will ever find their friends beyond the wave.  
 As frigate rigg'd, and truly valiant crew,  
 With twelve stout guns that bristled in the view.

\* William the Fourth.

In this fam'd ship was second YARBOROUGH seen,  
 To glad the sight of kings and youthful queen;  
 In splendid *Falcon*, mark'd Trafalgar's bay,  
 Where the great Nelson's life was ebb'd away.  
 The fort of Cadiz and the ports of Spain,  
 And Lisbon, too, have mark'd his gallant train,  
 When Don Miguel strove with all his might  
 To basely steal away a brother's right;  
 In hopes to witness here his just defeat,  
 His Lordship's *Falcon* joined the British fleet.  
 At Gibraltar, too, whose frowning look  
 Revives the mem'ry of the famous Rooke,  
 And ancient Malta hail'd yacht Commodore;  
 At Navarino, on the Turkish shore,  
 Beheld a much lov'd son, with true delight,  
 Kindly protected through the bloody fight.  
 From hence he sail'd, and with his faithful band  
 Next came to anchor on the Egyptian strand.\*  
 Here, mark'd the bay and spot long known so well,  
 Where Nelson fought, and Abercrombie fell,  
 With victory crown'd, alas! from fatal wound,  
 When crimson current stream'd upon the ground.  
 Where the rich Nile o'erflows the scorching plain,  
 Where Pompey's pillar overlooks the main,  
 Bound to grand Cario, on a mission rare,  
 To Syrian chief, through British consul there—

\* Alexandria.

Mehemet Ali, whose exalted name  
 Once more revives his country's faded fame ;  
 Fearless of health, behold him, at this time  
 On Egypt's burning sand in sultry clime,  
 Survey the pyramids from age sublime,  
 That mock the all-destroying hand of time :  
 Stupendous monuments of art here shown,  
 Whose origin to none is truly known,  
 By various travellers esteem'd, extoll'd ;  
 One of the seven wonders of the world !

Spirit of song ! still farther truths unfold,  
 That might by happier bard be better told.  
 Our sailor nobleman, of vig'rous mind,  
 Now safe returned, to travel still inclin'd ;  
 Fond of excursions o'er the watery plain,  
 Oft hath his Lordship sought the classic main,\*  
 Happy to mark the interesting ground  
 For learning, arts, and arms so long renown'd ;  
 Well arm'd in self defence, yet friend of peace,  
 Around the lovely isles of ancient Greece.  
 On land and sea, at times induc'd to roam,  
 He mark'd the tow'rs of proud imperial Rome :  
 Mount Etna and Vesuvius, vine-clad sides,  
 Requiring busy feet and friendly guides,  
 Where summer smiles, yet oft-times capp'd with snow,  
 Though fire and burning lava lurk below.

\* Mediterranean.

'Twas thus, in part, great YARBOROUGH pass'd his time,  
 At home, abroad, in many a different clime ;  
 Not always on those tranquil sunny seas,  
 Stealing along before the favouring breeze,  
 But where those dreadful sudden squalls prevail,  
 Warning the mariner to shorten sail ;  
 And in the darksome hyperborean blast,  
 Where the dark clouds have gather'd round him fast.  
 Yet, when on angry surges wildly driven,  
 The sport of ruthless winds, 'twixt earth and heaven,  
 On rolling seas where mountain billows rise,  
 When thunder burst tremendous from the skies,  
 And the fork'd lightning flash'd in awful form,  
 His courage ne'er forsook him in the storm ;  
 Perils, by Him sustain'd, on land and wave,  
 Will ever crown the second YARBOROUGH brave !  
 Esteem'd, admir'd in many a foreign part,  
 Belov'd at home, and well receiv'd at court.  
 In *Falcon*, too, amidst the royal train,  
 With George the Fourth, on the Irish main ;  
 At Cherbourg he was found a lib'ral host,  
 On the fair confines of great Gallia's coast,  
 When nobles, princes, monarch, guests, how rare,  
 With great delight were his attendants there :  
 And deem it, from our hearts, much happier thing,  
 To kindly feed than fight a gen'rous king.  
 His flowing streamers grac'd the Frenchman's strand,  
 And honour to himself and native land ;

Tokens of friendship found existing still,  
 Emblems of peace to France, and right good will.  
 The feats and triumphs of his happy time  
 Adorn his honour'd name without a crime.  
 Oft has been heard his cannon's friendly roar,  
 In kind salute on many a distant shore.  
 Esteem'd a judge of seamen's wants and cares,  
 In maritime and nautical affairs :—  
 Beacons and landmarks, objects foul and fair;  
 The needle, rocks, and dangers lurking there :  
 The gleaming tower, that lends its friendly light,  
 To aid the mariner in darksome night :  
 Each eddy current, and the set of tide—  
 Where best to steer, and where to safely ride ;  
 Cliffs, shoals, and sands, and craggy rocks that frown,—  
 All these to thee, illustrious Earl, are known !  
 Behold the *Kestrel* skim the azure main,  
 Heading the various yachts, a noble train ;  
 Display her signals o'er the wat'ry way,  
 Answer'd in numerous flags and pennants gay.  
 To us the *Kestrel* greatest interest lends,  
 In which his lordship hail'd his northern friends ;  
 When native Humber, from her grass-green shore,  
 Loudly re-echoed back his cannon's roar.  
 Long may the *Kestrel* grace the liquid plain,  
 Or mount the feathery foam on troubl'd main ;  
 Braving each billowy wave or dreadful blast,  
 And land her great Commander safe at last.

On native shore ; when, having ceas'd to roam,  
 Long to enjoy his calm and peaceful home.  
 Proud of our nobleman, the brave and bold,  
 Proud of his virtues which will long be told—  
 YARBOROUGH the second, gen'rous, frank, and free,  
 All hail ! my countrymen rejoice in thee !  
 Yet, though we gladly sound the trump of fame,  
 And warmly advocate an honour'd name ;  
 Although we would not check those spirits gay,  
 Or damp a breast because the head is grey ;  
 Yet, give one friendly hint—to not offend—  
 With you, how soon this transient life must end ;  
 With you, the youthful paths of spring have past,  
 And summer's manhood's prime is fleeting fast !  
 'Tis autumn now—the leaf is somewhat sear  
 With all who look beyond their sixtieth year !  
 Still sound, my lord, possess'd of gallant frame,  
 Without a shadow of the halt or lame,  
 Our warmest wish is you may long remain  
 Free from the palsied limb, and every pain.  
 Long may you live to sound your Maker's praise,  
 Blest in the happy winter of your days :  
 And when that period comes—for come it must,  
 When your worn frame will join its kindred dust,  
 May the bright Christian's hopes, and mind serene,  
 Mark your last exit from this earthly scene !  
 And like the radiant sun that seeks the west,  
 Beyond the distant vale appears to rest

In shades of darkness there, to only rise  
With more resplendent glory in the skies !

To still increase our complicated strains,  
One word to Captain PELHAM yet remains ; <sup>5</sup>  
Well known as brave in battle and the storm,  
A father's profile, and a father's form ;  
Long may he live, to act in life the part  
That's nearest, dearest, to a father's heart.

And whilst good health adorns your lordship's brow,  
To heirs and offspring we will gladly bow :  
To these, in kindness and in candour say —  
For, not like Judas, we would not betray —  
With joy raise high your heads, illustrious line,  
Since charity's an attribute divine,  
Your highest interest, and your greatest fame  
Springs from this glorious virtue on the name !  
Long may you live, to emulate still more  
The Sire that lives, and those who died before.  
Happy to leave high deeds of arms behind,  
To boast in you the love of all mankind ;  
As " Live and let live," is the motto known,  
The present race can justly call their own :  
May heirs be ever extant in the blood  
Of House so noble, and of name so good ;  
Whilst our chief toast shall be—forgetting never—  
YARBOROUGH the SECOND, and his heirs FOR EVER !

## NOTES TO THE HOUSE OF BROCKLESBY.

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<sup>1</sup> "*He had a nephew—one no doubt betray'd.*"

Alderman Pelham, of Hull, was a nephew of Sir William Pelham, of Brocklesby, and member for Hull in 1648.

<sup>2</sup> "*Sir Charles lives worthy of poetic page.*"

Sir Charles Anderson, Lea, near Gainsborough.

<sup>3</sup> "*Come forth, my friends, who love your walks abroad.*"

Visiting the Mausoleum, the Park of Brocklesby, &c., in the latter end of June, 1843, I was much pleased with the agricultural scenery on the way from Barton, particularly between the village of Wooton and Kirmington; the odour of the new-made hay—the hedges, low, and nicely trimmed, in which the wild rose bloomed delightfully—the waving corn, new plumed, with nodding wheat ear—the green barley, like innumerable lances glittering in the sun—the blossomed bean-field, and the sheep basking on flowery carpets (trefoil, white clover, &c.) were alternately passed in review. A devotional feeling of gratitude is awakened in my breast when gazing on the charms of nature; and I trust I shall be pardoned when I state, that my desire is to communicate this pleasure to others; assured that the returning season will bring with it similar beauties, when the whole face of nature wears a smile, the varied objects described (although imperfectly) in the poem, will continue to afford gratification to thousands, when the poet's lyre is unstrung, and his remains are numbered with his sires.

<sup>4</sup> "*Time of wheat harvest was our hero's birth.*"

The inhabitants of the village of Ulceby, in the wheat harvest of 1781, gave proof of their attachment to the honourable House of Brocklesby, by ordering the bells, by their merry peals, to welcome to earth the present Earl of Yarborough. The reapers in the early wheat harvest heard the music borne on gentle zephyrs, and rejoiced; the old, to this day, record the event as precocious of his Lordship's birth.

<sup>5</sup> "*One word to Captain Pelham yet remains.*"

The present Captain Dudley Pelham commenced his naval career as a midshipman on board the Dartmouth Frigate, only just before the battle of Navarino, in which he displayed great courage.

## LINES ON VISITING THORNTON ABBEY.

Here the old Abbey stands, in its ruins alone !  
With how little now left, save the brick and the stone,  
And the old oaken doors, still found hanging sublime,  
That so truly depict the deep ravage of time.  
Yes ! those doors, in their might, speak of peril and pain,  
Though no chronicles tell of the conquered or slain.

Hail, Abbey ! once great and renown'd in thy day,  
In the part still preserv'd, thou art blest in decay !  
Spared from lightnings that blast, and the storm that devours,  
'Midst a thousand fair snows, that have capp'd thy grey towers ;  
Thy entrance wears well throughout honour and shame,  
And thy long-faded glory still hallows thy name !  
Though thy once-flowing moat is o'ergrown and forlorn,  
With trees, weeds, and brushwood, the bramble, and thorn ;  
Though thy inmates are now but the noisome and small,  
There's the owl in the ivy, the bat in the wall,  
And the poor noisy daw, and his grey feather'd race,  
Seem of all things the most to rejoice in the place.  
In truth be it spoken, it once was not so,  
Could we mark thee some few generations ago,

No ! great was the joy, the bustle and state,  
 When a king and his queen were received at thy gate :<sup>1</sup>  
 When the good faithful abbot came out with his train,  
 To welcome his monarch o'er pasture and plain ;  
 Then, the great of the earth, in their wealth and their power,  
 Day and night were thy guests—not the guests of an hour !  
 Ah ! who could have deem'd that so noble a call  
 Should have e'er prov'd a prelude to hasten thy fall ?  
 Ah ! who could have dreamt that so stern a decree  
 Should have ever gone forth, to be fix'd upon thee ?  
 Yet, when others were down, thou could'st not stand alone,  
 When despised by the world, and assail'd by the throne ;  
 Yet, conscience, that calms e'en the ruthless in heart,  
 For the kindness received, still preserved thee in part :  
 But a shadow of greatness, the *grave*, not the gay !  
 For the next in succession, who swept thee away,  
 And left the bold front where late royalty rode,  
 A lonely, forsaken, deserted abode—  
 By the timid still shunn'd, or approached with some fear,  
 Who too oft vainly fancy some ghost might appear.  
 How foolish the notion !—how false the alarm !  
 When the dead are once gone they can do man no harm !  
 Yet, 'tis true thou art lonely in gloom of the night,  
 Never blessed with a voice, never cheer'd with a light,  
 Save when the bold smugglers, who fear the high road,  
 Here attempt to deposit their contraband load ;  
 Or, except, when the gypsies, a wandering train,  
 Light their faggots, and shelter from wind and from rain ;

Who, cheerful at heart, and few fears in the head,  
 With the building above, seldom think of the dead—  
 Of the troubles, the joys, the frown, or the smile  
 Of those who once labour'd to raise the huge pile.  
 Though the work of their hands amidst ruin is thrown,  
 And the pride of past ages is tumbling down ;  
 Yet the old Abbey lands in their beauty still lie,  
 Rich meads and green pastures—how fair to the eye !  
 It is pleasing to mark, for some distance, the ground,  
 Where the living once doubtless were scattered around ;  
 A clear gentle stream passes near the place still,  
 Where a once gentle stream had so oft turn'd the mill ;  
 But the old dashing mill-wheel hath joined the decay,  
 And the mill and the miller have long pass'd away !

And the abbot's old mansion enlivens the scene,  
 With its lone weeping ash, and its tenant the *Dean*,  
 Whom the snows of old age have at length whiten'd o'er,  
 Having pass'd here some forty long winters or more ;  
 And long may the *Dean* be found here as a guide,  
 To all who possess antiquarian pride :  
 His key opes the door, and through which, as we stray,  
 Let us mark this old turret's stone steps worn away,  
 So deeply indented, inform us, how clear,  
 What thousands of once busy feet have been here ;  
 And those loop-holes and side-walls strike awe, and their power  
 Are signs of the guarded, or oft dreaded hour !

These, doubtless, were rais'd in a perilous time,  
 When foes were around, when the Danes sought our clime.  
 Now man meets his fellow, devoid of all fear,  
 Nor needs the defences and battlements here.

And here's food for reflection in this spacious room,  
 Once the seat of the living, now lost in the tomb !  
 It is painful to witness how time, in its flight,  
 Hath so sadly revers'd scenes that once gave delight ;  
 Where the canvas once hung that pourtray'd the sublime,  
 From the hand of the artist, a theft upon time ;  
 Now behold a pale varnish is glaz'd on thy walls,  
 From the slime of the snail as she lazily crawls ;  
 Where the once noble footstool was down to the feet,  
 Here the meanest of reptiles have found a retreat !  
 Here the great have oft met to be merry and gay,  
 (For none will suppose it was always to pray,)  
 Where the best of good cheer that the earth could afford,  
 Where the viands once smok'd on a bountiful board,  
 Where the goblet was press'd, and the wine cup went round,  
 In full token of friendship—here nothing is found !  
 The tables are gone—and alas ! every guest  
 Has been food for the worms where their ashes now rest.  
 Yes ! the founder and builder, and all that were there,  
 Form the dust of the earth, yet we cannot tell where :  
 Though 'tis now clearly shown, where you ruins are spread,  
 In the church where they worshipp'd, they buried their dead.

Ah ! the church ! solemn scene, where the altar was rais'd,  
 Where the Great God of Hosts in past ages was prais'd ;  
 Where the sounds of soft music oft stole on the ear,  
 Now the winds o'er thy ruins howl mournfully drear.  
 'Tis but just to suppose, as we cannot define,  
 All who knelt in devotion, or bowed at this shrine ;  
 Peradventure the virgin, whose blush might disclose,  
 When the ring was display'd, the bright tints of the rose,  
 Here plighted her troth, and in vows to be true,  
 To the first and the kindest her heart ever knew ;  
 Here once was beheld, in religious attire,  
 The gay gallant knight, the monk, and the friar,  
 The saint, and the sage, with religion and lore,  
 Who taught and illum'd the dark ages of yore ;  
 From whom science and art, that in darkness long lay,  
 Here arose from their trammels and burst into day ;  
 And the gloom might o'ershadow the paths which they trod,  
 Here the heart's warmest praise oft arose to their God ;  
 And though vice might be theirs, much true virtue they bore—  
 It has ever been held they were kind to the poor.  
 Ye forms long departed, who once lingered here,  
 Who pray'd, sung, or wept, o'er the sorrowful bier ;  
 Whose lives were devoted, with toil and with care,  
 In part to mankind and to penitent prayer ;  
 Whate'er were your trials, your troubles have fled,  
 Life's journey is ended, and peace to the dead ;  
 And O ! at the last, may true joy be your doom,  
 When you break the confines of the desolate tomb !

To the Abbey once more ! and at parting deplore  
 Many scenes in the past, that may never be more.  
 Who shall ever renew thy lost wood and thy bowers ?  
 Where's the hands to replenish thy long-faded flowers ?  
 How little 'tis known that the rasp and the vine,  
 From the hands of crusaders, were fostered in thine.  
 Here the traveller, benighted and worn by the way,  
 Shall no more find repose, and a welcome to stay ;  
 From the wealthy no more at thy gate shall be seen,  
 The horse and his rider, in jacket of green,  
 With the richly plum'd pheasant, the fine branching horn  
 From the beauteous deer, the just pride of the lawn !  
 No more scraps for the poor of this elegant cheer,  
 As custom or kindness prevail'd in the year ;  
 No longer the widow and orphan are found  
 On their way to the Abbey, once justly renown'd !  
 So ample its bounty, how worthy its pride !  
 Where the sick and the needy were seldom denied ;  
 Where solace, and alms, and free gifts that were given,  
 Were many, and doubtless recorded in heaven !  
 No longer the great ones are here to declare,  
 Their deeds, and their titles, preserved with much care ;  
 No herald now comes, with great joy or alarm,  
 With commands from the senate, or news from the farm !  
 To the trumpet's shrill note, and the sweet vesper bell,  
 And the kindest greetings, for ever farewell !  
 And yet, though the heart's best rejoicings are o'er,  
 Though thy walls are broke down and thy people no more ;

Still a grave lonely grandeur around thee is seen,  
And we truly respect thee for what thou hast been ;  
And as many there are who would rudely profane  
The last reigning beauties thy ruins contain—  
Here's joy to the heart, who hath deem'd it no crime<sup>2</sup>  
To resist for a season the ravage of time,  
And cherish'd the remnant still doom'd to decay,  
To the mem'ry of those long since moulder'd away !  
As abode of mankind in those long faded days,  
All who strive to protect thee are worthy of praise !

## NOTES TO THORNTON ABBEY.

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<sup>1</sup> “ *When a king and his queen were received at thy gate.*”

In the year 1541, Henry VIII. visited the North, under the pretence of quelling some discontent among his subjects; but more particularly to have an interview with his nephew, James V., King of Scotland, who at that period was at York. The king's object was to engage James to follow his example in endeavouring to extirpate the Pope's supremacy and suppressing Monasteries; he was, however, disappointed, and failed in carrying out his projects. On his return, after having spent some time in Hull, he embarked, accompanied by his royal attendants, on board of two of his own ships, and landed safely at Barrow Haven, in Lincolnshire, from whence they proceeded to *Thornton Abbey*, which they honoured with a ceremonious visit, the whole of the Monastery coming out in solemn procession to meet the King, his royal Consort, (Catherine Howard) and their attendants. For several days they were sumptuously entertained by the monks in that House, which, in a short time after, Henry compelled them to relinquish. It appears, however, the king had not entirely forgot the flattering attention he had received, for in the thirty-third year of his reign, although he had dissolved the Abbey, he reserved great part of the possessions for the endowment of a College. This, however, continued only until Edward VI., 1547, when it was entirely dissolved.

<sup>2</sup> “ *Here's joy to the heart, who hath deem'd it no crime  
To resist for a season the ravage of time.*”

Generations have passed away since first the ivy clung around the walls, or the sun-beams fell upon the turrets of this ancient Abbey; but the destroying hand of time has been permitted to revel undisturbed, mantling its ruins with moss, wild thyme, and wall-flowers, rich embellishments of antiquated grandeur and magnificence. It is but just to acknowledge the kindness and excellent taste of its present proprietor, the Earl of Yarborough, in causing the refectory room to be covered in by a slated roof, the fallen parts to be removed, and the rubbish round the church to be cleared away; with orders for preserving the remainder, as monuments of past ages, from future dilapidations beyond natural decay.

## THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Here as your humble poet moves along,  
To find new objects worthy of his song :  
On looking round, with retrospective eye,  
At times, and days, and months, and years gone by—  
Selects an hero from no fields of slain,  
Once first and foremost, of the village train ;  
In hopes to weave, revering much the dead !  
At best, a fading chaplet round his head.

In early spring, and when the childish mind  
Was fill'd with joys before—scarcely look'd behind !  
My visits *then* were secret on his ground,  
A truant schoolboy, fearful to be found ;  
And yet with joy, amid his walks so fair,  
Beheld the birds, and various flow'rets there.  
Oft have we mark'd him in his daily rout,  
For much he lov'd to ride the fields about  
On favourite horse ;—he was, what most admire,  
A well-form'd, good-like, comely, country squire.

As farmer, he was chief amongst the rest,  
His flocks and herds were of the very best ;  
The fine sleek ox around was seen to feed,  
And lambs disporting, of the Leicester breed ;

The well-bred heifer, and the beauteous cow,  
 That might have grac'd an agricultural show !  
 The various feather'd fowl around the place,  
 From peacock, turkey, to the bantam race ;  
 The useful draught horse, and the choicest swine,  
 Departed UPPLEBY !—these once were thine.  
 He lov'd indeed—what kings have lov'd of old—  
 The plough, the fields, the farm-yard, and the fold ;  
 Nor was his cheerful, ever active mind,  
 To *this* or *those* pursuits alone confin'd—  
 Far otherwise ; his taste may still be seen  
 In gardens, meadows, woods, and pastures green—  
 Around the very *House*, he form'd to please,  
 Where long he liv'd in elegance and ease.  
 The company he kept was of the best,  
 The first Lord Yarborough frequently his guest.  
 When Christmas came his hall was light and gay,  
 For oft the neighbouring great ones came to stay ;  
 And servants smil'd, and youthful eyes shone bright,  
 At thoughts of music and the dance at night ;  
 But why record this oft recorded time,  
 Fraught with much merriment throughout our clime ?  
 'Twas not with him a single festive scene,  
 Form'd now and then, and naught of life between !  
 A well-conducted house, and handsome cheer,  
 Prevail'd in every season of the year ;  
 Nor was his friendship fickle, false, or cold,  
 His servants some were kept till very old :

Nurs'd in their failing strength with every care,  
Till time, through sickness, form'd their death-beds there.

Six well-matched greys his spacious stables blest,  
With harness rang'd for each—the very best !  
And here his livery servants, smart and clean,  
His coachman and postillions, might be seen  
In buckskin, and light drab, with yellow fac'd,  
And each with neat black velvet cap was grac'd :  
Oft have we seen them in *this* nice array,  
Whisking, with joy, his coach and four away ;  
And mark'd a truly pleasing combination there  
Of well-form'd sons and daughters truly fair ;  
*Six greys their train*, when for a distance bound,  
An honour to the place, and country round.  
At church, we only mark'd an humble pair,  
When all were pleased to find his household there ;  
A numerous one—and, 'tis but just to say,  
When Sabbath came, the most were sent to pray.  
And e'en the poorest of the village poor  
For most part found a welcome at his door ;  
The big red pitchers form'd a lengthen'd row,  
Teeming with soup, and produce from the cow ;  
And many a parent o'er these alms have smil'd,  
And blest the name that fed a starving child !  
How many, too, when snow-flakes dimm'd the air,  
Found food and raiment from employment there,

Old men, and aged mothers, widows too ;  
 He found some little works for all to do.  
 If *faults* are nam'd, let virtuous breasts recoil ;  
 If such—with *these* he blest the sons of toil ;  
 And he who plants and builds, for good design'd,  
 Confers a benefit on all mankind.

With patience suited to the trying hour  
 His name stood high in magisterial power ;  
 In private court, at sessions, or assize,  
 He met the welcome of approving eyes ;  
 Yet, for his merits there's no cause to roam,  
 No ! let us state his usefulness at home.  
 Free, open, friendly, easy of access,  
 To heal the wounded mind, and give redress ;  
 And with a peaceful spirit truly blest,  
 He sooth'd the angry passions into rest,  
 Preventing neighbouring broils, and wounds, and scars,  
 Too oft the sad result of village jars ;  
 Well known for miles around, through love and fear,  
 In council and advice a friend sincere.  
 When fallen virtue in his presence stood,  
 The mind was cheer'd—because the man was good ;  
 And 'tis but few, when found in such a place,  
 But fear, and grieve, to name their own disgrace ;  
 He kindly warn'd, whate'er had been the past,  
 To calmly swear the only truth at last ;

And when *offender* young before him came,  
 With sunken eye and feverish brow of shame,  
 He would sometimes forgive, in hopes—yea, twice—  
 That penitence would take the place of vice ;  
 For loving mercy, mild, he us'd no power,  
 To reign the petty tyrant of an hour.

Poachers, from malice, from caprice, or whim,  
 Few gaz'd, forlorn, through prison bars for him ;  
 For trespass slight he could not put to shame,  
 He lov'd his peace beyond the price of game ;  
 And yet from this no false conclusions draw,  
 He did not—would not—could not thwart the law ;  
 No, he was faithful to his solemn trust,  
 But from discernment he was wise and just.  
 Praise-worthy man ! for what more base at heart  
 Than man in power to overact his part—  
 Inflicting torture, penalty, and pains,  
 Because he holds a fellow mortal's chains.  
 Not so with him—to state one serious case,  
 The ferry Captain here must hold a place,  
 Who would, alas ! have most unjustly sworn,  
 And doom'd to death two fellow men, forlorn,  
 Had not a voice been heard from good design ;  
 Illustrious UPPLEBY, this voice was thine !  
 From sympathy, affection—yes, from both,  
 Our good Samaritan deferr'd the oath.

Thrice blessed power ! example truly bright !  
 Hail, conscions rectitude ; this pause was right.  
 A band of robbers near this time was found,  
 Committing various depredations round.  
 In prison bound, at length, their crimes made known,  
 All so deprav'd, small mercy could be shown ;  
 Lo ! one of these confess'd amidst his need,  
 He stole the *watch*, and did *the daring deed*.  
 Happy event ! for those who long had borne  
 The greatest insults from the lips of scorn.  
 The village bells proclaim'd, with silvery sound,  
*Their* complete innocence to all around ;  
 And who can tell in this delightful peal,  
 From injur'd names, what injur'd hearts would feel ?  
 No more from shame, to evil tongues a prey,  
*They* rose from darkness into glorious day.  
 What follow'd next was free from all disguise,  
 Great admiration from the good and wise :  
 Bright shone the act, from whence new honour came,  
 That crown'd its author with a lasting fame ;  
 Hence from this time, and still as free from pride.  
 A *quorum* magistrate, he liv'd and died !  
 And, as my feeble strains of praise must cease  
 On this once worthy *Justice of the Peace* :  
 Long may his heirs, *his latest help to fame*,<sup>1</sup>  
 Long may they live, to bless his honour'd name !  
 And gladly—firmly—proudly bear in mind,  
 The sterling worth his actions left behind !

## NOTE TO THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

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<sup>1</sup> “ *Long may his heirs, his latest help to fame,  
Long may they live, to bless his honour'd name !* ”

Sacred to the Memory of

GEORGE UPPLEBY, ESQUIRE.

A Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to George III.

In the discharge of his public duties  
as a Deputy Lieutenant and a Magistrate of the County,  
his zeal, tempered with a strict regard to Justice  
and united with Gentleness and Patience,  
enabled him to decide with Equity,  
and so to heal animosities  
as to secure to himself Kindness, Esteem, and Gratitude.

He Married SARAH, the only child of  
Charles Robinson, of Beverley,  
and sole heiress of her Grandfather, William Gildes, Esq.,  
of Bardney Hall, by whom he had seven Children.

He died April 20th, 1816, in the  
65th Year of his Age.

FROM A MURAL MONUMENT IN BARROW CHURCH.

## THE VILLAGE CHURCHYARD.

The native village holds a secret charm  
On view of cot and cultivated farm,  
And paths of childhood, almost every part,  
A pleasing melancholy strikes the heart.  
Here the first knot of cowslips blest my view,  
And there's the bank where earliest violets grew ;  
The stream belov'd, when life was young and gay,  
Emblem of time, in silence steals away ;  
And here's the churchyard, long remembered green,  
From fancied visions that were never seen,  
From death and burial here, from prayer and praise,  
And various objects lov'd in early days ;  
The grey stone tower that bravely meets decay,  
The bells that cheer'd the happy bridal day ;  
In all my wand'rings I have never found  
Your truly sweet equality of sound ;  
Oft have I heard you tell your pleasing tale,  
When echo mock'd you in the distant dale,  
Right merrily record each joyful time,  
More lovely still in Sabbath's peaceful chime :  
Here also heard so oft, the mournful knell  
Sound o'er departed friends a last farewell.

The Church—the witness of my childish prayer,  
 First coldly felt, and feebly offered there ;  
 First led to love the hallow'd scene around,  
 From sacred melody's delightful sound,  
 When Vickerman\* arrived from neighbouring shore,  
 Teacher of music here, and led the choir;  
 Avoiding discords was his greatest care,  
 He smil'd on those who justly led the air ;  
 Now with sweet viol would aid the treble band,  
 Anon the bass would share his mild command,  
 Whilst the old aisles and various arches rung  
 In counter hallelujahs from his tongue.  
 Within the precincts of that solemn place  
 Now lie interred the ministers of grace :  
 A pious KIRKE first nam'd, yet far from last,  
 The vicar here beyond a century past ;  
 The precepts on his tomb he left behind,<sup>1</sup>  
 Are what the Christian heart will love to find.

As memory runs through many a distant year,  
 The name of TREVOR lingers on the ear ;  
 And some there are, who love an olden name,  
 Still tell his virtues and record his fame ;  
 We, on the tablet to his mem'ry, trace  
 Him forty years the vicar of the place ;

\* Swine, Holderness.

For this alone he merits fair renown,  
 And Barrow long hath claim'd him as her own.  
 Detailing still the clergy that have been,  
 BROCKBANK must here begin the living scene.  
 Brockbank ! the kind preceptor, priest, and sage,  
 In various tongues perus'd the sacred page ;  
 His mind deep-stored with learning most profound,  
 He taught the rising youth the country round.  
 From him his hearers too, were taught to feel,  
 Devoid of cant and hypocritic zeal,  
 That conscience kept at peace, with all our power,  
 Was what would best befit a dying hour.  
 And on these solemn themes he lov'd to dwell,  
 The blissful joys of Heaven, the woes of Hell ;  
 The Christian's matchless peace, the sinner's pain,  
 Till eyes that wept, were dried, and wept again !  
 He died in prime of life ; his end was peace,  
 In some assurance of his flock's increase.  
 A once good master next adorns my pen,  
 The Reverend EDWARD HENRY HESLEDEN.  
 He came with youth and vigour on his brow ;  
 Here a warm lover sign'd his marriage vow ;  
 And badges of his youthful merit wore,  
 A true collegian skill'd in classic lore,  
 Whose love to ancient church was so sincere,  
 That 'gainst dissent he might be term'd severe ;  
 His youthful zeal, in after years his mind  
 Became with all the friendly, good, and kind ;

And though he held his gun, and lov'd the chase,  
 His heart was truly worthy of the place.  
 In graceful attitude at church he stood ;  
 His voice distinct and clear, his sermons good ;  
 And mem'ry still retains, at least in part,  
 The pulpit truths impress'd on youthful heart.  
 Ere snows of age had grac'd his reverend head,  
 He too, alas ! was number'd with the dead.  
 He built yon parsonage house, which holds some claim,  
 For modern taste, to long record his name.  
 And long may EGREMONT,\* of Christian heart,  
 In health and strength perform the pious part !

Here, as we take of life a past review,  
 And think of those esteem'd, whom once we knew  
 Our earliest friends, how few are left behind !  
 Playmates, alas ! how many here we find.  
 Chief in the fight, and swiftest in the race,  
 Are each laid down in his appointed place.  
 May beauteous nature o'er their ashes rise ;  
 The grave dissolves, yet holds life's nearest ties.  
 Reckless of friends, and home, and piercing gale,  
 No more " Poor William " seeks the lonely vale ;  
 In rattling chains no longer heard to rave,  
 He calmly rests within the peaceful grave !

\* The Rev. George Godfrey Egremont, the present vicar of Barrow.

No more the milk-maid's harmless rat-tat-too,  
 Awakes, at early dawn, the youth to woo ;  
 For her no more sat down in flow'ry spring,  
 On bright May-day he forms the joyful ring ;  
 When blushing maid proclaim'd, amongst the rest,  
 From *tap of back* the youth she lov'd the best !

How deaf the ear, once light at earliest dawn,  
 Nor heeds the clarion cock or sounding horn ;  
 Mute lies the shepherd, guardian of the fold,  
 And ploughman's feats are here no longer told ;  
 Hush'd is the voice first heard in morning's call,  
 And clos'd those eyes that overlook'd them all.  
 Nor tempest, or the thunder's loudest roar,  
 Shall ever wake them from their slumbers more :  
 Sound is their sleep—'till awful judgment day  
 Arouse them from their narrow beds of clay !

Here may be read a catalogue of names,  
 In life—good masters, and as gen'rous dames :  
 Stamps, Sargeants, Hardys, Newtons, and a Bell,<sup>2</sup>  
 And Wilkins, too, a name belov'd as well ;  
 And many more, yet vain to name the rest,  
 All worthy of the lands they once possess.  
 Great was their bounty to the sons of toil,  
 To all who clear'd the land and till'd the soil ;  
 Sheep-shearing, harvest-home, and seed, when sown,  
 Were times in which their bounteous acts were shown

With them bright Christmas was a friendly part,  
 Fraught with the best affections of the heart;  
 Holding their new year's gifts and Christmas cheer  
 Due for the blessings of departed year.  
 That they were kind, the cheerful, wise, and gay,  
 O ! 'tis in truth the easiest thing to say :  
 Warm advocates of good old-fashioned ways,  
 Customs, and village sports of ancient days !

Rest, kind forefathers, mould'ring in the dust,  
 In hopeful resurrection of the just ;  
 Blest is your mem'ry, and the gifts you've given,  
 Are surely written in the book of Heaven.  
 Your toils are o'er, the weary limbs' at rest,  
 No angry passions rack the troubl'd breast ;  
 Sorrow and suff'ring, anguish, grief, and pain,  
 The ills of life for you exist in vain.  
 Your fate is ours—your state before us lies ;  
 The grave's the darksome passage to the skies,  
 From whence shrill trump shall sound man's final doom,  
 Piercing the lone recesses of the tomb !

Advice in churchyard given is oft the best ;  
 A mighty teacher for the human breast.  
 Ye living sons, *some few* ignobly great,  
 Step in, and ponder on your future fate !  
 Step in, whilst you retain your fleeting breath,  
 Nor spurn this moralizing seat of death

Here rich and poor commingle side by side,  
 And here's the grave of disappointed pride ;  
 The weak vain-glorious man, whose vacant mind,  
 Once deem'd the lowly scarce of human kind ;  
 Too proud of friends, who liv'd to gather pelf ;  
 Puff'd up with false importance of himself ;  
*Beneath* the great, *above* the humbler race,  
 Who lived a stranger in his native place ;  
 Lightly esteem'd by virtuous, wise, and good,  
 He sigh'd his life away for nobler blood.  
 How true to vanity and folly past !  
 Humiliation haunts him to the last ;  
 In death, alas ! he finds no better cheer,  
 At least his grave bears no distinction here ;  
 Unconsciously his friends have laid him down,  
 How near the better man—the honest clown !

The meanly rich man, whose obdurate heart  
 Possess'd, beyond his gold, no feeling part,  
 Who ever shunn'd the weeping widow's wail,  
 And never listen'd to the orphan's tale ;  
 Who scorn'd the bounty of the good and kind,  
 Intent to leave a wealthy name behind ;  
 Though length of years to him was not denied,  
 That solemn season came in which he died ;  
 Nor wonder at his death—around his bier,  
 No friends were found to drop the heart felt tear.

He kept his wealth in life to feed the moth,  
And lost the blessings of departed worth !

Here lie the poorest of the village poor,  
No stones to mark the names in life they bore ;  
Few name the troubles they were doom'd to know,  
In their rough pilgrimage whilst here below ;  
Ill sheltered from the cold, and poorly fed,  
Hard, too, the couch that form'd their lowly bed :  
Ne'er blest by fortune, and unknown to fame,  
Despised, dejected, feeble, halt, and lame !  
Ah ! who can tell, but some of these at last,  
From various griefs and disappointments past,  
May joyful rise by gracious heaven extoll'd,  
Above their fellows in a brighter world !

## NOTES TO THE VILLAGE CHURCHYARD.

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<sup>1</sup> "*The precepts on his tomb he left behind,  
Are what the Christian heart will love to find.*"

Beneath this marble lieth interred  
the remains of the  
Rev. Mr. ROBERT KIRKE, A. M.,  
late Vicar of this Place :  
he departed this life the 22nd of May, 1755,  
in the 51st Year of his Age.  
R. K., being dead, yet speaketh,  
Keep stedfast in the Faith;  
be constant at private and public worship;  
be charitable;  
do justice, love mercy, live soberly,  
and the Peace of God be with you. Amen.

---

Sacred to the memory of the  
Reverend EDWARD HENRY HESLEDEN, Clerk, M. A.,  
late Fellow of Mag. Coll. Oxon.,  
Vicar of this Parish,  
who departed this life February 14th, 1828,  
Æt. 53 Years.

FROM MONUMENTS IN BARROW CHURCH.

<sup>2</sup> "*Stamps, Sargeants, Hardys, Newtons, and a Bell.*"

Although I may be charged with levity of mind for introducing the avocations and pleasures of life in the solemn Churchyard, I humbly trust I shall be forgiven. Having, in the early period of life, previous to the enclosures of the fields, lived at Barrow, and become acquainted with the habits, manners, and customs of the principal inhabitants at that time, and witnessed the harvest-suppers, sheep-clippings, hoppercakes, cowherd meetings, and many innocent amusements; above all, their hospitality to the poor, and all who had any pretensions to their kindness—myself in common with the rest, then a boy from the mill, at the heels of my uncle John Naylor. The happy recollections of those mentioned in the Churchyard, and others that might have been named, will only cease with my life; and I could not resist the desire, when treading on their graves, of paying this small tribute of respect to their memory.

## THE VILLAGE CLERK.

Remov'd from this world's joys, its cares, and woes,  
Where does our humble MADDISON\* repose ?  
'Tis here the grass waves o'er his mould'ring head,  
And here he lies amongst the silent dead.  
Had education of the higher kind  
Beam'd on his quick and comprehensive mind,  
And smiling plenty gratified his need,—  
No doubt but this man had been great indeed !  
And great he was !—though not enroll'd by fame,  
Or tomb to bear the record of his name.  
A stone o'ergrown with moss, memento here,  
*Care'd by himself*, he *left with friend sincere*,†  
Requesting him, at death, to kindly show  
The month and year he left this world below.  
The annals of his life let none despise,  
But mark the spot where worth and virtue lies  
When but a youth, he left his father's cot,  
To till the soil and bear the peasant's lot,  
And braved, unnam'd, winter's snow and sleet,  
The chilling blasts of spring, and summer's heat ;

\* Thomas Maddison, thirty-six years clerk of Barrow Church,

† John Bell, still living.

Seed-time and harvest—and the various cares,  
 All that the hale and hardy ploughman shares.  
 In after years he changed from what he'd been,  
 To different service, and a different scene ;  
 Time in his mind this new resolve display'd,  
 He rais'd a loom, and next assumed a trade !  
 And many a well-wrought web from him was found,  
 When bleach'd, that pleased and clothed the neighbours round.  
 Still farther name the gifts to him assign'd,  
 For sure he was a wonder of his kind !  
 Old clocks he clean'd, and practis'd small repairs,  
 Form'd the best bee-hives and re-seated chairs ;  
 A wheelwright !—and his wheels were better made  
 Than some by those who really learnt the trade ;  
 Cages for birds he framed—made children's toys ;  
 In each employ he had his harmless joys.  
 A mimic ship of war his table graced,  
 Rigg'd by himself, with scarce a rope misplaced.  
 The ancient abbey\* and the church in frame  
 Proclaim'd him artist—he deserv'd the name !  
 He faithful sketch'd each tower and turret grey,  
 And snatch'd their beauties pleasing in decay ;  
 In short, whate'er his vigorous mind pourtray'd,  
 His hands the fancied picture soon display'd.  
 A poet, too—he tuned, if not sublime,  
 “ The life of Joseph ” into easy rhyme.

\* Thornton Abbey, and Barrow Church.

Great were his toils, for he had much to do ;  
 Was singer, ringer, clerk, and sexton too.  
 Three priests he serv'd, who singly, one by one,  
 Have each departed, now are dead and gone ;  
 Or 'twould have been their very pride to tell  
 How faithfully he serv'd them, and how well !  
 On his first clerkship tithes were ta'en in kind,  
 Hence some declared he had a barb'rous mind,—  
 Who took not truth and reason for their guide,  
 Nor knew how firm he stood on duty's side ;  
 Yet what those found in him a failing part  
 Was error of their heads, and not his heart :—  
 'Twas not in him to take by force or storm ;  
 Yet could not swerve from what he must perform ;  
 But future years, to him, brought better days,  
 And some who slander'd, liv'd at last to praise ;  
 And some who rail'd, at length made open vow,  
 They miss'd the good wide common and the cow ;  
 And own'd those trifles light that press'd before,  
 Since fields enclosed had made them very poor.  
 Music from bells, he lov'd their merry round,  
 His ear was good and chaste,—his judgment sound ;  
 And seldom first to pause—or grudge the time,  
 In lively peal, or sweetly plaintive chime.  
 No drunkard he, found staggering o'er the bowl,  
 And yet he had a cheerfulness of soul,  
 A lively spirit—aye ! and one of use—  
 More lasting than the grape's refreshing juice !

True as the new-year came, with calm delight  
 He made a feast, and saw his friends at night—  
 His ringing friends;—and proved to all who came,  
 That friendship lay in deed as well as name.  
 At others' good he welcome joy exprest,  
 And shared his cup and blessings with the rest.  
 A thousand hearts have mov'd before him gay,  
 Pleas'd with his presence on their wedding day :  
 Thousands have shared his serious look or smile,  
 Whole years of sabbaths in that sacred pile :—  
 Yet one sad thought befits the cypress shade—  
 Alas ! how many in their graves he laid ;  
 And weary toil'd in cold and sultry day,  
 To form their humble tenements of clay,  
 'Midst moul'd'ring bones, to him in life well known—  
 A true prophetic emblem of his own !  
 Though some might dread to lead the life he led  
 In toils and walks around the silent dead ;  
 In night's thick gloom, he sought that lonely tower,  
 Gay and serene, at e'en the latest hour ;  
 For passing bell, or aught that claim'd his care,  
 No coward he !—or he had not been there !  
 No fancied spectre broke his quiet rest,  
 A peaceful conscience fortified his breast.  
 In books he took delight ;—and what he read  
 A faithful memory treasured in his head.  
 Deeds on the ocean, fights or wrecks forlorn,—  
 He told, with joy, where lay the point Cape Horn ;

Show'd science taught the first advent'rous band,  
 To brave the billows and forsake the land ;  
 At times he dwelt with somewhat mournful look,  
 On the sad fate of much-lamented Cook :—  
 In lighter mood would tell with half a smile,  
 How gallant Bruce explored the source of Nile ;  
 And not unconscious of his mortal state,  
 Prepared for death ere it was deem'd too late.  
 Pond'ring the scriptures o'er, with pious care,  
 He found a lasting consolation there.  
 Except when sleep or sickness chain'd his powers,  
 'Tis truly said he spent few idle hours ;  
 And deem'd by some so strictly just and true,  
 He made their wills, and kept them secret too !  
 'Twas thus he lived ; and mark the course he ran,—  
 An active, useful, honest, good old man ;  
 Beloved by most, and firm on virtue's side,  
 Crown'd with long life, and hoary locks he died ;  
 And, taking all his little works combin'd,  
 Scarce left his equal in the place behind !

## CORONATION ODE.\*

What means this busy bustling day,  
Those merry bells and banners gay ?  
The music and the joy we trace  
In crowded street and happy face ;  
Somewhat with sabbath scenes imprest,  
An holiday—or day of rest ?  
The pleasing cause is truly known,  
This day VICTORIA wears a crown.  
Then pass round the wine, let your spirits be seen  
In a bumper, with health and long life to the Queen !

VICTORIA !—Star of Brunswick line,  
Accept our hearts, so warmly thine ;  
Britannia's Gem, fair Queen of Isles,  
We greet thee, with our welcome smiles ;

\* At the Coronation of Queen Victoria, seventy of the gentry, clergy, and respectable tradesmen of Barton, sat down to dinner at the George Inn. After the cloth was withdrawn, previous to the Queen's health being drank. Mr. Hesleden read the ode, which was well received, and each verse loudly encored. A large subscription was raised, and the poor regaled with beef and ale, at their homes. The ode is here introduced to commemorate that happy event.

In loyalty outdone by none,  
 True to the altar and thy throne ;  
 We mark with joy the poor sit down,  
 To bless the day thou wears't a crown.  
 Then once more a toast, and with joy, heart, and hand,  
 To the fair Rose of England, First Flower of the Land !

May truth and justice frame her laws,  
 To bless and aid each righteous cause ;  
 May union, peace, and love abound,  
 And knowledge charm her kingdom round,  
 And a long train of happy years,  
 Still find her eyes unchanged by tears ;  
 Long honour'd here—to dust go down,  
 To wear in Heaven a brighter crown.  
 And last, not the least, let your spirits be seen  
 In a heart-stirring toast, and may God bless the Queen !





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